

Someone to Hold

by MentalHope

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Summary: After practice. OikawaxIwaizumi *TWO-shot for now. *All characters used belong to the respectful owner. I do not make profit out of this.

1. Chapter 1

"Hey, can you pass me that shirt next to you? It's mine." Kindaichi curtly asked, his arm outstretched to receive the mentioned piece of clothing.

"Yeah, yeah. You definitely need some sleep after today." Kunimi offhandedly replied. Iwaizumi rolled his eyes as a slight commotion was brought up within his teammates. Everyone was feeling rather cranky today. After all, practice under the hot sun right after exams were over would get anyone riled up, though not in a good way, and now, being cooped up in the locker room with each other, sweating, wellâ€¦|_Let's see how this goes tomorrow, butâ€¦|_

Iwaizumi's thought was cut off as he felt Oikawa's hand casually land on his hip. Under his shirt.

"Hey! Iwa-chan-!"

And automatically he was annoyed. "I-idiot!"

The tan hand that was holding his locker door open was immediately used as a weapon; smacking the back of the Captain's head. Oikawa cried out and held his head with both hands, whining something about 'Iwa-chan, you're so mean!'.

Despite the brunette's outburst, the others were still in their non-energetic conversation about whose turn it was to clean up the locker room today. As you can see, they're pretty much used to this by now.

The vice-captain sighed and returned his attention to his locker (which was one of the very first in the rows, the others' lockers being in the back corner). His dark eyes glanced at Oikawa, who was slowly standing up from the previous fatal blow. "Ow, Iwa-chan! That actually hurt." He groaned, looking up at his childhood friend with a crooked smile. A tick mark formed on said childhood friend's head.

Iwaizumi Hajime showed no mercy.

****_Smack._****

And there goes the volleyball that seemed to come out of nowhere.

"Iwaizumi, I think you just gave our captain a concussion."

"Well! he deserved it."

"No, I didn't! Stupid Iwa-chan!"

****_"!****_What was that?"_****

"No-! Wait, I-I didn't mean that...!"

Watari decided to intervene before things got too bloody. "Oikawa, can we leave now? We'll clean up this place tomorrow, promise."

"Yeah, we will", came the chorus of the others.

Oikawa looked up at his teammates from his cowering position on the floor (even though Iwa-chan wasn't going to do anything now) and stared at Watari. Like, creepy stare.

"O-Or you know, we could always-"

"Yep! It's fine! Just remember to be here tomorrow morning!" The captain stood up to his full height and gave the others a reassuring smile. Oikawa watched as the rest of his team filed out the door, all eager to get back to their respective homes and rest. Once everyone was out and away, Oikawa slowly turned his head towards his vice-captain, and smirked.

"Iwa-chan~!"

A pretty pink poured itself onto Iwaizumi's face. "Sh-Shut up. Dumbass."

Without any noise or complaints, Oikawa walked towards his precious lover, and wound his arms around Iwa-chan from behind. Oikawa pulled him closer, and placed his head on Iwaizumi's shoulder, content to do so.

Iwaizumi momentarily stopped his actions and managed a: "Idiot! they could be back any s-second!"

Oikawa smiled. "I know, but I don't care."

"Dumbass! I do!"

"Okay, okay! But are you finished? So we can leave now."

The way Oikawa phrased that sentence made Iwaizumi's heart beat just a bit faster. _It's always 'we'â€|_ and it left girly butterflies in his stomach. It was aâ€| warm feeling, despite it being, well, girly.

Stupid Oikawa.

Deciding he hit his lover's head way too many times now, Iwaizumi put his things away, and shut his locker door, locking it in place. The vice-captain gently slid away from Oikawa's hold to pick his backpack off the ground. "Hey, Iwa-chan."

Oikawa stated once they both were outside and the locker room was locked by key. "Hmm?"

A steady smirk grew on Oikawa's face as he slipped his arm around Iwaizumi's shoulders.

"You should come over to my place, tonight."

Iwaizumi's face burned red. "You dumbass! Be quietâ€|" He walked a bit faster, keeping his eyes on the ground in front of his steps. "Besidesâ€|"

"â€| I already told my parents I'd be staying with you." He muttered.

Oikawa practically lit up like a firework. "Really?!"

"No! Now shut up!"

"Aaw! C'mon Iwa-chan~! You know you want to!"

"No!"

2. Chapter 2

_ " __A-ahâ€| " _

"See? I told you, you wanted toâ€|"

"You, little-"

"Sshhh." Oikawa whispered, gently sliding his hands up his boyfriend's sides. He smirked as he felt Iwaizumi heat up from under him. _He's so sensitiveâ€|_

And he's all mine.

With that predatory thought in his mind, he returned to kissing his lover's neck, almost immediately finding that sweet spot of his close to his jawline. Iwaizumi flinched, not from pain, but from a sudden jolt of pleasure. "H-heyâ€|"

"Yeah?" Oikawa sat up with his head resting on his hand.

"What if someone comes in?" Iwaizumi shifted nervously on the bed. "Your relatives, or worse, your parents could just barge in and then-â€|Hey! What are you-?"

"It's alright," Oikawa started. He was sitting up, his leg still in between Hajime's legs. "I already told you, they won't be here," He slowly continued the process of taking off his shirt sensually. "And besides,"

"I told my older sister I was gonna bring you over. My mom pretty much approved after that."

Caught up in the conversation, Iwazumi didn't complain when Oikawa bent down to unbutton his (Iwazumi's) shirt. "What do you mean approved...? I mean, I know your mom doesn't dislike me and lets me come over anytime, butâ€|"

"I mean that, I think she knows we're together," Oikawa answered his boyfriend's question. "That, or she doesn't know, but still likes the idea of us being together. Like in the way we are now. Same goes to my sister."

"That's kind ofâ€| weird."

Oikawa continued his expedition, lowering his head to give Iwaizumi a quick smile before diving into those alluring lips that kept asking questions.

End
file.